

There's a violation in buying out of season, that many a wise housekeeper has learned to her profit.

—What a lot of Carpeting will be done this Fall! Did it ever strike you that if you buy then, you will have to pay very much higher prices for the New PATTERNS, whilst carpets just as handsome can be bought now at very low prices, indeed.

—Really, unless you are ultra-particular, what matters it if the carpet is not the very latest out—for styles change slowly in carpets—they must, for carpets are not bought every year.

WASH. B. WILLIAMS,
7th and D Sts.

"IT'S ENGLISH YOU KNOW."

And the Anglo-Maniac Has Taken to Wearing Rubbers.

The young American who has so long considered it necessary—in order to be quite English—to go about on rainy days without rubbers, soaking his feet and cutting off his useful life in its early bloom, can now put on rubbers when it rains, and be comfortable and dry, and live to a green and hearty old age, for it has come to be quite English to wear rubbers.

The change is a comparatively recent one. The rubber overcoat, as every one doubtless knows, is an American institution. It took him eight long years to get used to putting General before the name of George Washington. The English, being rule-bearers, have from time immemorial worn thick, heavy shoes, and relied upon their thickness to keep their feet dry; and the more they have been impressed with the desirability of dry feet the thicker and heavier have become their shoes. A man's shoe would have a sole an inch thick and a woman's shoe would be nearly as heavy. Now, these shoes, very thick of sole, and with uppers like the hide of a rhinoceros, did very well out-of-doors in bad weather, but when they were worn in the house, of course, they had to be—in the office, in the parlor, in the dining room—they were uncomfortable, ungainly and hideous, and as much out of place as an alderman in a prayer meeting.

Undoubtedly the Englishman would have gone on another hundred years wearing these misshapen shoes, which made the human feet look more like a quarter of beef, had it not been for the fact that a couple of years ago they had a genuine New England winter in old England, with snow and sleet, and the Englishman's shoe, notwithstanding its thickness and weight, proved inadequate for the emergency, for the feet inside would get wet. Then some thrifty Englishman—or more likely some Yankee—imported into England American articles, calling them "American" shoes. The women saw the advantage of them right away, and proceeded to wear them, and the men followed suit. That was the opening wedge. Then the lighter rubbers, which all sensible and serious-minded Americans have worn from their youth up, were exported to the mother country, and suddenly it dawned upon the Englishman like a great inspiration that it was not necessary for him to wear the same weight of shoes outdoors and indoors, to be taken off when he entered a drawing room and left in the hall. So their thick shoes have been gradually getting thinner and more like the American pattern, and when there comes a stormy day they are learning to put on rubbers—just as we do.

Therefore, young Americans with an Anglo-manic habit, will now be compelled to go about in the rainy weather with wet feet, to the great detriment of their health and to the general distress of the community. They can do their "gambles" whenever it becomes overcast, knowing that all the wells on Piccadilly are doing the same.

A Good Deacon.

"I once ran for highway commissioner," observed Deacon Ironside, "and the other man and I got exactly the same vote."

"How did you vote?" asked Elder Keapling.

"He offered to decide the matter by tossing up a copper cent, but I said that was gambling, and I wouldn't gamble if I never got an office in the world. So we pulled straw for it, and I got the right one."

"There's a little trick at pulling straw," added the good deacon, with a twinkle in his eye, "that everybody doesn't know. I'm generally pretty lucky at pulling straw."—Chicago Tribune.

Twain's Riddle of Copper.

It strikes one, writes James Payn in the Illustrated London News, that Mark Twain might be better employed than in ridiculing by far the most interesting riddle his country has produced. There is nothing easier than to "make fun" of a certain sort of Shakespeare and even the Bible; but it is not a commendable thing to do.

The Old and the New Costume.

Her old Mother Hubbard
Now hangs in the cupboard,
Neglected and covered with dust.

When from the costumer's
She gets her new bloomers,
She'll wear them in public or bust.

CONSTABLE PUT TO FLIGHT

Another Campaign of Swinburne's Has an Unsuccessful End.

Trying to Levy Upon a Druggist's Property, He Is Ejected by the Clerk and an Officer.

Constable William Swinburne went forth about 3 o'clock last evening to levy on the personal property of Robert V. Houston, a druggist, at the corner of Tenth and B streets northwest, but met with opposition not contemplated by him and came near being assaulted while in the formal act of levying in the pharmacy.

Early yesterday the constable received a legal paper from the Union Savings Bank certifying that Houston was debtor to the bank in the sum of \$15.87 for postage stamps.

Armed with the paper and authority, he went to the drug store and marching in, proceeded to read the document to the proprietor.

This done, Swinburne walked over to the counter, and picking up the cash register and scales, said:

"I levy on these personal articles for a debt of Robert V. Houston."

He had hardly uttered the words, when a strapping big drug clerk seized a large stick and raised it menacingly over Swinburne's head.

It is claimed that at that point a special rushed in, and aided by the clerk, grasped the constable and ejected him from the store.

The special policeman, Swinburne said, was James B. Hunt, but the name of the clerk he could not ascertain, but he intended to procure warrants against them for assault.

The affair created much excitement in the neighborhood at the time. The constable declared he will visit the store this morning and carry off the cash register and scales, if he has to get an army of assistants to help him.

INCREASING EVIL OF TIPS.

A Few Years Ago They Were Within the Bounds of Reason.

A decade ago, even, "tips" were seldom bestowed in the country outside of domestic service, and even with servants a waiter felt no obligation to remember any but those who had rendered him personal attention. A dollar was considered an amply sufficient ducet, says the New York Tribune. Now, however, it has become a most serious tax in every direction, while in private houses it has grown to be such a heavy obligation, especially in an up-to-date fashionable household, that poor young men are actually obliged to refuse invitations on account of the outlay necessary to visit in a friend's house. A few days' stay necessitates an expenditure almost equal to a hotel bill for that period of time.

This is obviously wrong and hardly hospitable, and fashionable people should do something to put an end to an unwritten law which must seriously inconvenience many of their guests. It is hard to know how this evil could be checked, as a host is not supposed to be aware that the perquisites of his servants, which are often more than the wages he gives them, are what keeps them in a good humor with an influx of visitors, and that his guests are really paying for his hospitality. It is an unpleasant idea, one would suppose, to the entertainer, but this is what it actually amounts to. The only way to correct this state of things would be to engage servants with the distinct understanding that no tips should be received, and that the employer only should pay for services to his guests. With liberal wages this could easily be arranged, and the new order of things would certainly be a great relief to visitor and visited.

It is no doubt true that some wealthy people, used to lavish expenditure and not possessing much sense of the value of money, make life in some directions hard for those who have equal refinement but less money. The summer resident who, through carelessness or ignorance or thoughtless liberality, pays for local services of any kind more than the market value, and really more than it is worth, raises inevitably the tariff for those employers who haven't money thus to throw away.

The Oldest Man in the World.

The Frankfurter Journal has discovered by a sheer accident the oldest man in the world. A "Kommerzienrath," who dated his letter from Heilbronn, observed at the end of the epistle, "I have been a subscriber to your paper ever since its first appearance." The editor remarks in a note that "such an example of fidelity to one and the same newspaper deserves praise in so changeable a generation." But what is still more remarkable is the phenomenal longevity of its correspondent.

"The first number of our Journal," observes the editor, "appeared 280 years ago." Hence the respected subscriber must be about 300 years old.

Ballooning in a Gale.

Ballooning in a gale, with a view to testing the various aeronautical gear for military purposes, was carried out yesterday by Capt. Sloan Stanley and Mr. Greenfield, who accompanied Mr. Spencer, the Crystal Palace agent, on a private ascent from the Crystal Palace grounds. In forty minutes London, Essex, a distance of thirty-five miles, was reached, and the descent effected. All the appliances stood the strain except the grapnel rope, which broke at a strain of two tons. The aeronauts landed safely, though not without a considerable shaking.—Westminster Gazette.

Necessarily Gloomy.

"I cannot deceive you," he protested. "Daring," she murmured. "And so they were married."

After that he found he had taken an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation. He found, as a matter of fact, he could deceive her with a clove and the old lodge story.—Detroit Tribune.

FELL 132 FEET AND LIVED.

Sailor's Drop From the Main Royal Mast Into the Sea.

An accident happened on a vessel off Block Island recently, says the Providence Journal, in which a sailor had a narrow escape from instant death. He was saved only by a miracle, after a great fall. The vessel on which the accident happened was the Austrian bark, Baldo I, in charge of Capt. Herzig.

The accident, as related by those on shipboard, occurred when the bark was anchored off Ohio Ledge. Capt. Herzig had been obliged to come to anchor because of the dense fog. While waiting for favorable weather, one of the crew, Peter Perlo, aged seventeen years, was at work on the main royal yard. In some way he lost his balance and fell a distance of 132 feet. In his fall he struck the main ratlines, and thus his life was saved.

Those who observed the man in his fall thought that instant death awaited him, and watched him breathlessly in his rapid descent. He was just five feet from the deck when he struck the intervening ropes that preserved his life. After striking on the slanting ratline he bounded overboard and sank for a moment in the water. The man's companions among the crew, though they feared the fall had resulted fatally, lowered a boat and started for the body. The man was lifted aboard, unconscious, but when he revived he was made as comfortable as possible.

Dr. Chapin was summoned on the arrival in this city, and on his order the man went to the Rhode Island Hospital for treatment. No bones were found to be broken, but he was thoroughly shaken up and one arm badly wrenched. The man was discharged from the hospital a day or two.

PIPO AND PIPA.

How Two Tiny Barkers Occasioned a Lawsuit.

The London Telegraph's Paris correspondent tells a story of how a certain gentleman rented a handsome set of rooms, and the lease contained a clause interdicting the tenant from keeping animals which cry. It happened that a friend sent the gentleman two little dogs from Mexico. The arrival of the animals led to notice being served on their owner for breach of the terms of the lease, and the matter had to be settled by legal argument.

The defendant insisted that Pip and Pipa, his dogs were called, weighed only twelve ounces apiece, and their bark was correspondingly diminutive; but counsel for the plaintiff contended that dwarfs were known to be bad-tempered, and very small dogs were no exception, and were inclined to be quarrelsome and noisy.

In ordinary language their whimpering might be called crying. The court took the same view, and Pip and Pipa had to find another home in twenty-four hours or subject their owner to a penalty of five francs for each day's delay.

The Evolution of a Bonnet.

Some years ago it chanced that in a barrel of clothing received by a missionary in the South, for distribution among the poor negroes, a wire bustle was found. The missionary threw it aside as of no use, but an aged negro saw it and inquired if he could have it.

"Why, yes, certainly you can have it, Mr. Jackson," was the missionary's reply. "No doubt you can make use of the wires in some way."

The next Sunday Mrs. Jackson appeared at the little mission church in a huge, unbecoming bonnet that fixed all eyes upon her and made her the envy of all the sisters present. The missionary regarded the gay bonnet with mingled surprise and dismay. After the service she called Mrs. Jackson aside, and her first question was:

"See here, Mrs. Jackson, where did you get that dreadful bonnet?"

"Why, laws, Miss Jones, I made it myself. I own it, an' I nabeen spent no money on it. De trimmin's I had in de house an' de frame was de one what come in de bar'l de good ladies in de Dorf sent, an' you done gib it to Mose fo' me, an' mighty 'bliged I is fo' hit."

KENSINGTON NEWS.

Mrs. Woodruff, of Chicago, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. N. Hayden.

Miss Mary Clements has returned from a visit to Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Sanders and children, of Washington, are spending a fortnight at the home of Mrs. Sanders' brother, Mr. F. P. Nash.

Mrs. Marie Russell and daughter, Besie, are guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Norris.

Miss Emily Duvall and Miss Clara Duvall have returned from a visit of six weeks to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Duvall, of Germantown.

Mrs. Shannon and William and Herbert Shannon, of Washington, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Preston Shannon.

Mrs. G. V. N. Ogden and Miss Carrie Ogden have been spending a few days in Washington.

Miss Ann Abbott is quite ill.

Mrs. J. N. Showers, of Baltimore, has been visiting Rev. and Mrs. Robert M. Moore.

Dr. John L. Lewis and Miss Lucy Lewis have just returned from Essex, Va.

Mrs. T. Bounds and Miss Emma Westling, of Howard County, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Newton.

Not the Bloomers of Scripture.

An Allegany clergyman thinks he has found a Scriptural arrangement of the bloomer costume in the text from Deuteronomy, which reads: "There shall not be the garment of a man upon a woman, and a man shall not wear the garment of a woman, for an abomination to Jehovah, thy God, is every one doing these things." There is nothing in the translation, in bloomers were never worn by men. They were invented by a woman, and are distinctively a feminine vestment.—Atlanta Constitution.

"THE BREWERS' CENTURY."

Paris Growing Beerier and Beerier Every Day.

Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris to London: "Truly, M. Hanoaux has been induced by his consular agents to 'beer' in the new French Parliament. This does not surprise me. Gladstone once called this century the workers' century. I have since heard it called the woman's century. Should it rather not be called the brewers' century? Beer, all but unknown in France before 1870, now floods this country. Alcohol is poured from the distilleries, where the refuse of beet root used in making sugar is a substitute for grapes or malt. Beer saloons replace the cafes, where before the war Frenchmen sipped coffee and an aigre, and met friends in an informal drawing room. Those white and gold panels of the bryons cafe are replaced by garish polychrome decorations in a pseudo-medieval style. Electric light suffers no hue to be lost to the eye. Flaunting women and boozing men crowd into the beer saloons. So-called American bars are centers of gross rodomontade. In some parts of the town waiting-rooms in the beer saloons. They are expected to drink for the good of the house at the cost of customers."

A girl who does not empty back after beer, and keep on asking for more, is thought not worth keeping. The beer, "brandy" and "bitters" interest is now too strong for any government to control it. But, as the peasantry are still sober, beer is not yet the overruling power that it is in England. However, the pace in the English direction is rapid in provincial towns. Does it not seem as if the fates were sick of northern races and their militarism and mutual bullying, and wanted to clear them off, using drink as the means? We have now over 30,000 restaurant-public houses in Paris. The restaurant has for its entrance a drum shop, with a zinc counter, where drinks are taken standing. All the madhouses, as a consequence, overcrowded. New ones are called for by the mad-doctors. As the thirst for liquor grows, fresh means to satisfy it are discovered. Moreover, the great chemist, says he can now furnish "brandy," not to be distinguished from the "fine champagne" of restaurants, at 2d. a quart. The raw material is acetylene, extracted, I believe, from coal tar. What shall we come to when it floods the market? A. F. & C. capitulate to drink, thereby multiplying the dangers of navigation southward. Europeans and Americans are now the only safe men for the engine-room.

ANACOSTIA NEWS.

Preparations are nearly completed for the erection of the new building at Fort Foote, to be known as the Fort Foote mission, under the Anacostia Baptist Church. Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson will act as pastor. The building will be erected at New Grants on ground donated to the mission by Mr. James W. Green.

Mrs. W. T. Anderson, of Washington street, has gone to Milford, N. Y., on a visit to her brother, Dr. Bailey.

Miss Nettie Anderson is spending several weeks at Colonial Beach.

Rev. Hugh T. Stevenson, of the Anacostia Baptist Church, left this morning for Hampton, Va., where he will conduct services Sunday. In his absence Rev. George Bowman will officiate in the evening and Rev. John T. Anderson in the morning.

Dr. E. Leach, of Howard avenue, has returned from Boston, where he represented the Anacostia chapter of the Christian Endeavor Society.

Mrs. Johnson is ill with intermittent fever at her home on Minnesota avenue.

Mrs. H. B. Barling, of Monroe street, has been ill, is reported much improved.

The investigation into the Fort robbery is progressing. It has been developed that the money stolen was not money received from the Baltimore conference, neither was it pension money.

To Detective John Mrs. F. Adams, the money was paid her by a friend, but did not state who it was.

The regular monthly meeting of the Anacostia Citizens' Association will take place this evening in the hall on Harrison street, starting at 8 o'clock. Importance is to be given to the discussion.

SALT AND SWEARING.

Droll Scene in a Magistrate's Court in Germany.

A droll scene was witnessed in the court of a local magistrate at Berlin in the Mark a few days ago. No sooner had one of the witnesses, a woman, appeared to give evidence, than the accused, who was also a woman, started up and screamed out: "I object to that witness."

The judge asked for her reason. "That woman, Herr Richter," said the defendant, "swears whatever she pleases and takes no harm by it. The moment she says 'I swear,' she lays a piece of salt upon her left breast, and then tells any lie without conscience. When she goes out to court she will tell the salt away, so that her false witness will not hurt her soul."

Mixed Metaphors.

The following choice bits of journalism are credited to a Tennessee newspaper. Perhaps it is better not to specify more particularly.

We will not enter into a controversy with the slimy leech who tries to spit venom from his forked tongue on the editor of the Times. The way to treat such crawling vermin is to just let them below.

Mrs. Jennie Harlow, who has been visiting friends in our midst, has returned home. We are always glad to see her welcome presence. She comes like a ray of sunshine to sweeten the editor's cup of gloom. Come again, Miss Jennie.

The pension vampires are sucking the life-blood from the ship of state. The pale hand of death stalked into our midst last week, and fastened its cruel eyes on little Mary Pudley.

His Preserver.

There are many varying ideas of what gratitude is, and in what way it should find expression. It is reported that a soldier in the civil war—it matters not whether he was of the North or the South—meeting his former commander, expressed gratitude to him.

"Don't you know me?" he asked eagerly. "No, my friend," said the former officer. "Why, sir, you once saved my life!" exclaimed the other.

"And how was that?"

"Why, sir, I served under you at the battle of —, and when you ran away in the beginning of the fight I ran after you, else I might have been killed. I've always thought of you as my preserver—my benefactor—bless you!"

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